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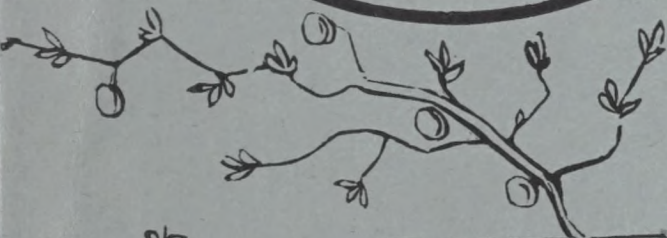
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GRANDFATHER

CANDER'S

RANDOM HYMES



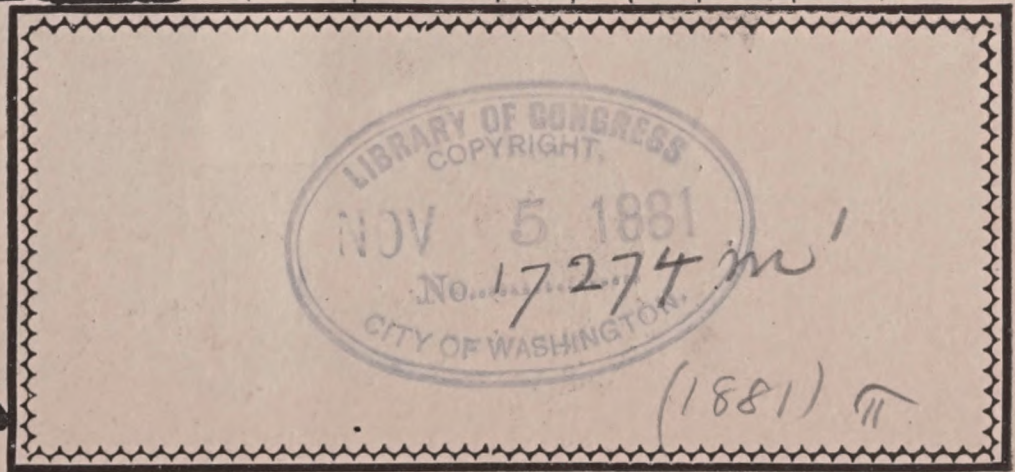
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GRANDFATHER CANDER'S RANDOM HYMES



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The Czar of Russia went one day,
His family and all,
To the Emperor of Germany,
To make a friendly call ;
And while they sat a-blinking,
And a-drinking of their grog,
The Czar starts up a-winking,
And says, " Kaiser, how's your dog ?"





An artist man, named Mr. Gush,
Thought he was handy with a brush ;
And so he painted a goat ;
But it didn't seem to suit
The four-legged brute—
This is how Mr. Gush came to know 't.





Two little boys went
for to go a-gunning,
And they rigged them-
selves in shape very
stunning ;

(They were bad.)
We will have a nice
game pie,

And we'll eat it bye and bye,
Said these little boys so sly and so cunning ;

(They were glad.)

Then they started out upon their expedition,
But they never quite succeeded in their mission ;

(They were sad.)

For they never killed a bird—
Such a thing was never heard—

And they couldn't say a word, but “perdition ;”

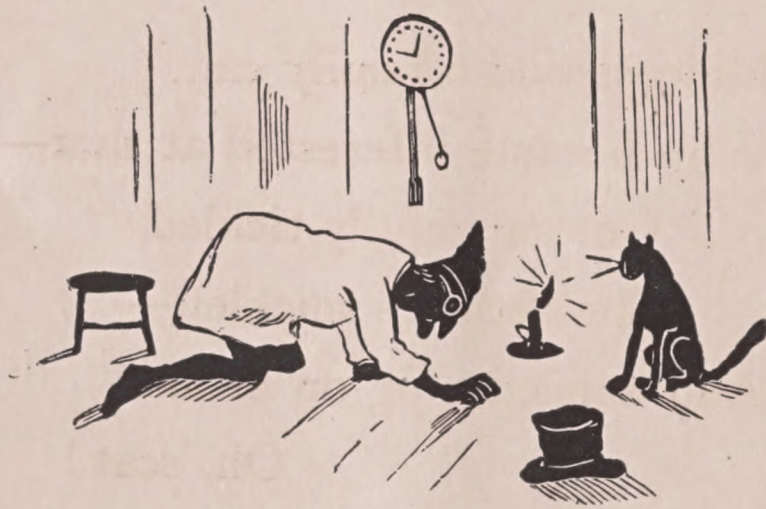
(They were mad.)



Little Frankie Fisher would a-fishing go ;
Did his mother say he might ? No, no, no !
But on fishing he was bent,
So he went without consent ;
Wasn't he a naughty lad ? Oh, oh, oh !
Then he went down to the river in the middle of the
night,
Determined he would stay there until he got a bite ;
He fell into a doze,
Caught a cold and nearly froze ;
Still he kept on a-fishing, though he knew it wasn't
right.
At last came a big fish, very sly and slow,
And started straight—for the bait ? Oh, dear, no !
Frankie's feet hung in the water,
Though he knew they hadn't oughter,
And the fish swam off with Frankie Fisher's big right
toe.



There is an old man named Melrose,
Who wears specs wherever he goes.
One night he lost them,



But soon came across them—
They were on the bridge of his nose.
Ha ! Ha !

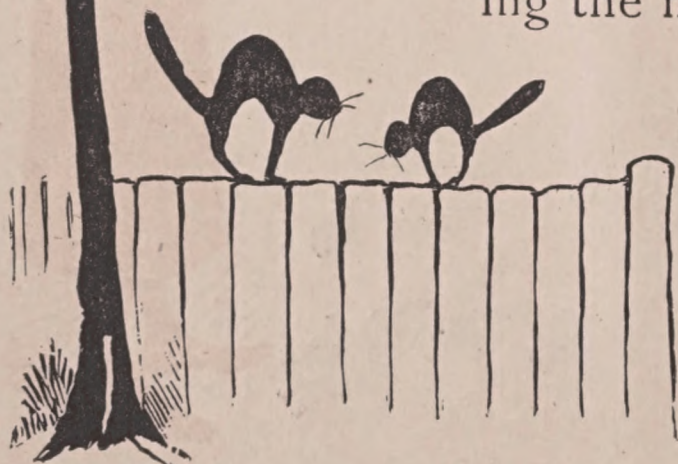


Melrose had a family cat,
Who became interested at that—
Got so awfully tickled,
She actually snickled—
And danced a jig on his hat,
Oh, scat !





The man in the moon went to visit
the sun,
The sight was indeed a *rare* one;
The man in the moon came back so
well done,
That his face was enough to
scare one.
He was frizzled and sizzled, and
burnt to a crisp,
And his tongue was so scorched that
he only could lisp;
From that time to this, he's so shock-
ing a sight,
That he only will show himself dur-
ing the night,



A woman, whose name was Maria,
Kept growing up higher and higher ;
When she passed through the ceil-
ing

She lost all her feeling—
And now she is used as a spire.
She left behind her a daughter,
Who kept growing shorter and shorter;
When she passed through the
floor

She was never seen more,
Though her friends have most anxious-
ly sought her.





Sing a song of tenpence,
A pocket full of money ;
Four and forty honey bees
Making sweetest honey.
When the hive was overturned
The bees were on the wing—
Sweet may be their honey,
But, oh, dear, how they sting !





A very little boy
In a very little town,
That you very little hear of
For its very small renown,
Met a very little girl
In a very little gown,
And a very little curl,
And a very little frown.

Then the little boy so queer
Said unto this little Miss,
“My pretty little dear,
May I have a little kiss?”
“Not a little kiss,” said she,
With a cunning little smile,
“But a big one take from me—
That’s my style!”



Chop sticks, chop sticks,
Little Ching Foo—
His papa lived in China,
And his mamma did too.
Rat pie, rat pie,
Mice fried in batter—
Chop sticks, chop sticks—
Ought to hear 'em clatter.
Do *you* like rat pie,
Or batter and mice?
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling
Don't think they're nice.





There was a man in Brooklyn,
He was so wondrous smart,
He tried to catch a ferry-boat,
But only caught a part ;
Instead of landing on the boat,
He tumbled in the river ;
He lost his hat and spoilt his coat,
And came out in a shiver.



The mule's a funny creature,
His ears are awful long ;
They are his leading feature,
And he is mighty strong.
He is tame enough in front,
But he's awful wild behind ;
When you want him to, he won't—
Never mind.

Did you ever see a fool
Go to meddle with a mule ?
I did—Oh !
But he never will again,
For he's gone where all good men
Ought to go.





A hungry boy was hungry Will—
He never seemed to get his fill ;
But like a lion he would roar
For more to eat, and more, and more ;
Until one day, sad to relate,
By eating, came he to his fate.





Cluck ! Cluck ! Cluck ! Cluck !

Our old hen has had good luck.

See her standing on one leg—
Now you hear the rooster crow-
ing ;

That's his lordship's way of
"blowing"

When the hen has laid an
egg.



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